

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

VOL. XXIX, No. 4

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD.

December 2007



OUR CHRISTMAS CARDS



Submitted by Jonas Rappeport

We have a list of folks we know
All written in a book.
And every year when Christmas
comes,
We go and have a look.
And that is when we realize that
These names are quite a part -
Not of the book they're written in
But of our very heart.

For each name stands for some
one
Who has crossed our path some
time
And while it sounds fantastic
For us to make this claim
We really feel that we're
composed
Of each remembered name.

And while you may not be aware
Of any special link,
Just meeting you has changed our
life
A lot more than you think.
For once you have met somebody
The years cannot erase

The memory of a pleasant word
Or of a friendly face.

So never think of Christmas cards
As just a mere routine
Of names upon a Christmas list
Forgotten in between.
For when we send a Christmas
card

That is addressed to you
It's because you are on the list
Of folks we're indebted to.

For we are a total of
The many folks we've met
And you happen to be one of
those
We prefer not to forget.
And whether we have known you
For many years or few,
In some way you have had a part
In shaping things we do.
And every year when Christmas
comes
We realize anew
The best gift life can offer
Is meeting folks like you.

--Author unknown.

VOICE of the RESIDENTS

Volume XXIX, No. 4

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NEWLY ARRIVED
RESIDENTS

Shirley Christie	F-10	410-785-0292
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Edith Gentry	E-1	410-785-2211
Fay Rudy	S-106	410-527-5995
Mary Ruth Sidwell	N-8	410-527-0908
Sita Smith	J-8	410-527-1093

MOVING AROUND
BROADMEAD

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Marian Shapiro	G-10	HH-270

HOLIDAY CELEBRATIONS*By Harriet Ambrose***THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS**
Hanukkah Celebration

Live Klezmer music by "Klezzazz"
 Tuesday, December 4th
 6:30 p.m.: Latkes Reception
 7:00 p.m.: Menorah Lighting Concert
 In the Main Lounge & Auditorium
 (Dancing in the aisles is permitted!)

SLEIGH BELL SWING

Wednesday, December 12th
 6:30 to 8:30pm
 In the Main Lounge
 Music by: The Bill Eliot Trio

**DELICIOUS DESSERTS WILL BE
 OFFERED IN THE MAIN LOUNGE
 FOLLOWING DINNER**

THE MOON*On Friday 9/9/07**By Nancy Dulaney Rowe*

The moon is black tonight.
 It spreads its light towards other worlds
 Away from Mother Earth,
 Her caring hand still guiding us.
 Her phases are at variance
 With Mankind's measured hours,
 De-lighted by the sun when it holds sway
 And lighting nights of inky black.

IN MEMORIAM**Elizabeth P. Ward**

February 19, 1910 October 22, 2007

Kermit Brynes

October 2, 1915 November 7, 2007

Ruth F. Schreter

April 20, 1914 November 8, 2007

Margaret H. Brant

September 21, 1916 November 15, 2007

For the Record:

We have received an anonymous note, pointing out that, contrary to what was earlier stated, Dr. Dan Morhaim is not the only physician in the Maryland State Legislature. In fact, we also have Dr. Andrew P. Harris, Senator from District 7, serving since 1998.

WALKING TO YORK, PA

By Mary Frances Wagley

Finally, on Sunday, October 28, 2007 I stood on Market Street opposite the York County Court House having completed my walk from Ashland, MD. The bands were playing, the children were marching and even the seeing-eye dogs were dressed to look like African animals. None of this was for me, of course, but rather it was the 50th annual York County Halloween parade. Nonetheless, I felt I could appropriate some of the glory. It had taken me over a year to walk the 41 miles of the Northern Central Railroad (NCR) and the York County Heritage (YCH) trails. I only walked on weekends because the trail is lonely during the week and this walker feels safer with the company of joggers, cyclists, and occasional horseback riders. When I had walked two or so miles (there are mileage markers), I then had to retrace my steps to get back to my car. One day a hiker coming in the opposite direction and probably noting my white hair and reliance on my walking stick, asked me how far I walked. When I answered, "About four or five miles", she replied, "Awesome!" That put a spring in my step for the rest of the outing.

There are some sections that I found so appealing that I walked them several times. One such, stretch is between Whitehall and Parkton. It goes through Little Gunpowder Falls State Park and largely follows the river which makes it particularly attractive. On the other hand there are warning signs about Copperhead snakes. I mentioned this to Bill Eddison one day and he assured me that Copperheads like to sun themselves on rocks and are unlikely to be found on the trail itself. As I am not "into" clambering over rocks, I felt safe. One of the great pleasures of the trail is that it is quite flat even though it goes through the rolling hills of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The builders of the railroads sought out the river beds for their tracks as it saved money to build and maintain a railroad on level ground. The only climb is between the Mason-Dixon line and New Freedom, PA and that is less than 1000 feet. At that, an additional engine was required to make the grade.

Although I am a birder, I do not take binoculars when I walk as I learned many years ago I can either bird or walk but not both. However, I do listen for bird songs as I walk and on one June day I heard the flute solo of a wood thrush; the nasal "yank, yank" of a white-breasted nuthatch; the rattle of a belted kingfisher as he coursed down the stream; and the "che-bek" of a least flycatcher. Later in the summer I heard a "chewink" and saw with my naked eye

a lovely eastern towhee, a species that in my experience has become rare in recent years. Towhees have always been special birds for me because it was one of the first that Philip and I identified when we started bird watching and it was one of the first birds I found for my friend, Jo Booze, when she became interested in birds. In the fall the birds are mostly silent and yet a northern mockingbird held forth in full song as I was nearing York. That reminded me of a writer (unremembered) who wrote, "I know why birds sing (to establish territory and to attract a mate) but I do not know why they sing beautifully." That is something to ponder.

One of the pleasures of walking is the luxury of time to ponder. One day along Codorus (Koh-DOOR-us) Creek in Pennsylvania I was looking at the rock formations. A trail marker informed me that they were schist which is the result of clay being compressed into shale and then further compressed into schist. There seemed to be something green - ferns, club moss, laurel and various saplings growing out of every nook and crevice. The will to grow and the tenacity of life is evident. On the other hand, there is death. I saw a deer carcass on the road to the trail head, a squished toad on the trail, and a newly expired chipmunk. And there is the treasuring of life. I met a young man with a beagle puppy in his arms. His idea of a good walk was beyond the puppy's stamina and he was carrying it home.

The Pennsylvania section of the trail is quite different from the Maryland section. The actual tracks are still in place. The internet says a train still runs on weekends but the volunteer at the little museum in New Freedom says it was discontinued five years ago. In any case, the northern trail is not well-shaded and roads and houses border the trail. After crossing the Mason-Dixon line one sees signs: "Clean Manure off Trail." I have been passed by several horseback riders but I have yet to see any carrying the equine equivalent of a "pooper scooper." The evidence on the trail is that the imperative is not obeyed.

When I turned away from the Court House and the parade I noticed the historic marker behind me. It read in part: "First national Thanksgiving proclaimed from York, November 1, 1777 by the Continental Congress. Written by Sam Adams 'That with one heart and one voice the good people may express the grateful feelings of their hearts'." I was sorry to come to the end of my walk but grateful to those who had the vision to see the possibilities of transforming an abandoned railroad bed into a well-appreciated resource for cyclists, joggers, horseback riders and walkers. Come to think of it, since I always had to walk back to my car, I walked 82 miles!

A SIGNIFICANT DAY

By Carol McCord

That Sunday afternoon my friend Amos and I had decided to drive all the way to Richmond to see the movie playing at Loews Theatre. This was not usually an option. Richmond - a distance of 40 miles - usually meant a day's shopping, (with parent), followed by lunch and maybe a movie - if it was a special one. This movie however, was not special. It was reported to be "sordid", "drab" and "colorless". But since almost everything in Bowling Green was closed on Sundays, and the weather was too raw for a walk or a baseball game, we drove off with our 15 and 17 year-old consciences slightly clouded.

The picture was The Grapes of Wrath, a book by John Steinbeck. That is all I remember, except for the long ride and being in Richmond. The events that came later that day swept away all else, for in the middle of the picture the sound track was stopped abruptly and a man's voice came over the loud speaker. "May I have your attention, please! All military personnel are to return to their bases." Numbly we made our way out. When we came out onto the sidewalk, Grace Street was a jumble of cars and blaring horns. A newsboy of about 10 or 11 years was shouting, "Extry, Extry, Japan bombs Vanilla, Japan bombs Vanilla!" Huge black headlines shouted the unbelievable. We both stood blinking in confusion. It took a while for our minds to catch up with our ears, to realize that the U.S. was at war.

After that moment our corner of the world was never to be, the same again: not our town, nor our county, nor family, nor ourselves.

The entire part of Caroline County, Virginia, that rolled away from the Rappahannock River toward the county seat at Bowling Green - 12 miles away - 77,000 acres of fields and forest settled as far back as the 17th century, farmed by generations of the original families, was appropriated by Uncle Sam to create a military reservation. They named it A.P. Hill, after an obscure General of local birth. None of us had ever heard of Ambrose P. Hill.

At first, the townspeople - the women, especially - were fearful that their daughters would no longer be safe on the streets after dark. Up until then, anybody could walk or bicycle or roller skate for miles in any direction without a care; now there was disquiet. Doors would have to be locked, strangers would arrive in large numbers, and our small village would be changed.

But before long everyone in town began to meet the situation head-on. Homes were opened to servicemen's wives or USO staffers; our guest room was one of the first to "sign up". Mother and her friends attended Motor Corps classes, took to wearing coveralls, talked endlessly about carburetors and spark plugs. My father's bank sold War Bonds. Daddy was asked to be a "dollar-a-year-man", doing secret observation at night of troop trains passing where the railroad came through, several miles away. A USO was built on the land behind our county offices. They held dances for servicemen who were hand-picked by the brand new Post commander. He in turn had been carefully chosen so that there would be no incident to mar the relationship between the new post and our community. We young ladies were chaperoned to and from dances, doing the Lindy-Hop, the Jitterbug, the Pennsylvania Polka to live dance bands.

Many of the local teens as well as adult volunteers went to the courthouse to be instructed in aircraft spotting. An observation tower for that purpose was erected near the new USO, and for two hour shifts, in teams of two we recorded and phoned in reports of all aircraft sighted. My friend, Glassell, and I had the early Saturday shift from 7 to 9 a.m.

Changes came fast. Gas and sugar were rationed, meat was scarcer, nylons hard to get. We saved our money to buy savings stamps. Our boys and men joined the Army or Navy or were drafted, some of our finest never to return.

Where the land was taken, whole families and some communities were uprooted. Some were able to resettle in another part of the county, but there were others who never really readjusted. Where cows once peacefully grazed, now there was blasting and bivouacking. Army barracks and firing ranges could be seen from the road. Our days and nights were filled with the sounds of convoys passing with unfamiliar olive-drab vehicles driven by men dressed in olive-drab and carrying row upon row of olive drab men and boys. Those "feared strangers" turned out to be husbands or brothers or lonely boys from New Jersey or Alabama, Nebraska, even Alaska. Many of them brought their wives to live with families in Bowling Green or Port Royal. Our family had a succession of young couples who lived with us until the husbands went overseas, at which time a sadly subdued wife returned home to El Paso, Texas or Seattle or Connecticut.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued)

By the end of the war many of the town's daughters had married or were engaged to servicemen. There was one young captain, a graduate of The Johns Hopkins School of Engineering, just returned from the North African campaign, who was assigned to the Engineer's Board at A.P. Hill, where he carried out rocket and demolition projects. He had permission to live off the Post, as it happened, in the home of my favorite aunt. He became "one of the family", helping my cousin with his algebra, and bringing surplus sugar from the Post so that they could make ice cream. When I returned home from college, it appeared that he had taken possession of many favorite relatives and friends: and on October 12, 1946 in the Bowling Green Methodist Church he took possession of me. All those events followed that Sunday, December 7, 1941-Pearl Harbor Day.

TRAVEL AGENT

By Ann Remington

Having been a travel agent for 40 years, I am a totally-spoiled traveler. I started out with a long list of places and things I wanted to see in this wonderful world of ours. At this point in my life, the list has been completely crossed out! The only place that I still had on the list was Antarctica - but getting in and out of a Zodiac boat is no longer a possibility - or a desire.

I started out in this chaotic business as a part-time bookkeeper for Valley Travel. It ended up being the best 70-hour-a-week job in my life. Back in those days we wrote all airline tickets by hand and had to manually figure all the taxes, mileage etc. Today most tickets are electronic and issued by computers which do all the calculations. In some ways it is much easier on the agent, but the industry has changed so much, we seem to have lost control and the rules and regulations change so fast (by the minute it seems) that it is almost impossible to keep up.

Valley Travel was started in 1963 by Grace Lyon with company stock held by about 25 people - which we were to learn was not really legal for a closely held corporation! Grace started with a staff of three on Pot Spring Road and when we finally sold to Travel One in 1995 we had a staff of 30 and were writing almost twelve million dollars of business per year!

Grace and I always believed in education for our agents. Each agent was given 10% of their salary annually to be used for travel only. It had to be used within the year and was not for Ocean City, MD. We never seemed to have a problem with our

staff having left over allowances. At times it was hard to keep sufficient staff on hand to take care of business. We also were very supportive of the Institute for Certified Travel Agents Education program. I was the first agent in Maryland to earn the Certified Travel Counselor degree in 1974 and we at one time had 12 C.T.C.'s on staff.

In the early days salaries were fairly low and the "perks" made up for the difference. I remember one time when I was asked on a Wednesday if I could be in New York for a 10 day cruise for \$100 for me and my husband! I said, "Of course", and then called my husband to see if he could arrange it. We went and had a great cruise. Such offers are very few and far between these days!

I guess, legally, I do come by my wanderlust. I have a picture of my grandmother on a camel in front of the Sphinx - so naturally I have one of me too! My great-grandfather went around the world seven times on sailing vessels. He brought back all the lovely cloisonnés and the Chinese chest that I now enjoy - and I have the sales check dated 1870 to prove them!

I spent five years as President of the Central Atlantic Chapter of the American Society of Travel Agents - where I continued to be rotten-spoiled. Between annual Congresses around the world and Presidents Council meetings in between - the red-carpet was always rolled out with many special admissions to the country's attractions, plus the best of hotels, trains, etc.

My first trip to China was in 1981 and we were one of the first group of travel agents permitted into China. Beijing was a city of grey dirt with nary a blade of grass or tree in evidence. We did the Great Wall in February - talk about cold! We lived in our down coats and lined boots all day everywhere. We ate in communes with the leaders so no one asked what we were being served - just ate it *or* tried to. The commune hospital had NO glass in the windows!

We returned to China ten years later and the changes were incredible. Grass and trees were everywhere and new hotels were very much in evidence. On the first trip the Chinese people would stare at us as strange animals, but on the next trip we caused no traffic jams.

Editor's note:

Our men get a chance to talk about their careers at the Men's Saturday Social Hour events. Here we have one of our lady residents discussing HER career! Perhaps we'll have more?

THE BROADMEAD MEN'S SATURDAY SOCIAL HOUR

M*S*S*H*

By Ted Wilson

Early in Broadmead's history a Men's Saturday Social Hour was established to give men, who were in a minority, a chance to get to know each other better, and to give the new men an opportunity to tell their fellow residents something about their lives at work, or their hobbies or areas of special interest. The plan was to meet on alternate Saturday mornings at 9:30 a.m. for coffee and doughnuts and socializing, followed by a short talk by one of the new men, with a chance for questions and answers. The program was to run through January, February, and March. All in attendance were to chip in one dollar to help defray the cost involved. Public speaking skills were not a requirement, since men were merely telling their friends about themselves during their working years.

This tradition continues to this day, and we will start again in January, 2008. "Pete" Peterson and I are co-organizers and will be calling on men who have joined Broadmead this past year, trusting that they will be willing to speak if they expect to be here during the three months.

Tim Baker will speak at our opening meeting. His topic will be announced then.

BROADMEAD MEN

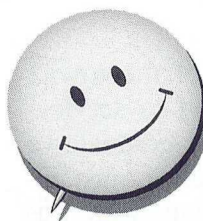
By Ruth S. Williams

Broadmead men are a varied lot.
Some square dance, rhumba, and fox -trot.
Others play bridge, scrabble, or chess,
or act on our stage with great success.

You might find them in the woodshop
or filming on a mountain top.
Others walk along our Nature Trail
or go to the Chesapeake to sail.

Doctors, lawyers, and teachers,
rocket scientists and preachers,
social workers and engineers,
journalists and financiers.

Whatever they were; whatever they do,
the Broadmead ladies love them true.
We only wish there were not so few.
You catch one for me; I'll catch one for you.



BROADMEAD WELCOMES

By Bobbie Kottler & Nancy Allchin

David and Suzanne (Bunker) Hopkins

H-8 410 527-1344 October 2007

David Hopkins is from New York and attended school at St. Paul's in Concord, NH, before entering Princeton University. For 42 years he worked for the J. P. Morgan Co. More recently he has been in an advisory capacity to Alex Brown and also the Metropolitan Opera Guild. Suzanne, who prefers to be called "Bunkie," attended Garrison Forest School and Bennington College in Vermont. Her interest is in botany and horticulture. She has been a volunteer and on the board of the New York Botanical Gardens and until recently had her own landscape and design company. The Hopkins family includes four children (they recently lost a son), and seven grandchildren.

Sally (Silberstein) Weinman

A-8 410-785-3033 October 2007

Sally Weinman is a new resident of Broadmead but is already well acquainted with life here since her mother, Adelaide Silberstein, was one of the "mudders" and lived here until she was 103. Sally was born and raised in the Baltimore area and has a son living in Towson and a daughter in London. There are five grandchildren: three in Towson and two in London. Sally attended Women's College of the University of North Carolina in Greensboro and has taken classes in child development at Villa Julie College. She has been a long-time volunteer at the William S. Baer School as a teacher's aide and has also volunteered at Cylburn Arboretum tending their plants, especially the annuals.

THE COFFEE SHOP

By Lucille Brandt

The coffee shop's the place to be
Drinking coffee, milk or tea.
People going, people coming
Business here is really humming.

Gossip's spread at every table.
Catch it all, if you are able.
Here's the place to hear a joke.
You'll laugh so hard, you might just choke.

Servers always at the ready,
Fill your plates with hands so steady.
Each one with a smiling face,
Helps make this a happy place.

OPEN FORUM ON INTERNATIONAL SCHOLARS

By Sally Bloomer

Dr. Nicholas Arrindell, director of Johns Hopkins' Office of International Student and Scholar Services, spoke to the Open Forum on October 19th on the subject- International Scholars: Do We Welcome or Hinder?

The hurdles to such scholars are formidable. Our foreign policy today, because of 9/11 and the increased threat from terrorists attacks, must try to balance a need for open doors with a need to secure our borders. Programs for foreign scholars now entail requirements that include a request for a visa which must occur 120 days prior to start of matriculation. Scholars can now enter the U.S. 45 days before their program begins. Five hundred consulate positions were added by the State Department to aid the visa process. State and Homeland Security Departments now work together to be sure only legitimate travelers enter the U.S.

A need to increase foreign language students is recognized. But foreign language students were not always encouraged by these regulations. Most affected were males 16 years or older who were ordered to report to specific airports throughout the U.S. for entry and departure. Immigration authorities must always be notified when a move is made in or out. Engineering and scientific students were more highly scrutinized. Most of these technically trained students came from outside the U.S. It takes 10 to 15 years to develop and train these skilled students. The U.S. does not have students in the pipeline who have the basic skills to provide our national needs. Russia and India are outstanding in their talent reserve. America is a land of opportunity, but we must help our young people to capitalize on these opportunities.

How does our government encourage this? Foreign consulates make the initial decision as to who will be chosen. The "visa mantis" program is a process whereby the student is identified and listed for future study in the U.S. The problem is that the wait for an actual visa can be indefinite. When American institutions make inquiries about the wait, no information is forthcoming from the U.S. authorities. American universities are alarmed to be losing some renowned scholars. The backlash was the

belief that the U.S. was not interested in foreign scholars. Foreign countries began to say, "America can come to us".

Another system established by the Office of Homeland Security is the Student Exchange and Information Program. Dr Arrindell's office supervises this program for the Homewood campus and the Applied Physics Lab. They monitor students and provide information to the State Department and Homeland Security. The fee for an application is \$100. There is another fee for an appointment for an interview. Each student is photographed, scrutinized and fingerprinted upon arrival. By the time the student reaches the host university he is unsettled and wondering where this information is going. This has been going on since 9/11 with no apparent let up. In return American scholars are being confronted with similar obstacles abroad.

America's image throughout the world is declining. International arrivals in this country are down 17%. The U. S. market share of international students has gone to foreign competitors. Tom Ridge, the former Homeland Security Secretary who is now working for the travel industry, is trying to help market the United States to foreigners. We must try to maintain a welcoming environment for foreign students and scholars. Internships are important and excessive restrictions send a negative image abroad.

The need for a balance between open doors and security from terrorists requires pressure not only from Tom Ridge and Dr. Arrndell, but from every citizen who is concerned about civil liberties and academic freedom.

CONSERVATION

By Bob Morrison

The Conservation Committee has a new Chairman. Susie Fetter has agreed to assume the duties of Chairman and we look forward to increased activity in this important field. It is obvious, from the number of news articles, TV programs and new books on the subject, that conservation needs to become a way of life. We live in a world that is a closed system, so once we use up the raw materials there will be no more. One example is crude oil which may be completely depleted in a few decades. So come join the Conservation Committee and help the conservation effort.

OPEN FORUM

By Sonia Blumenthal

In the Auditorium, 7:00 p.m.

Thursday, December 13th

"THE SEACH FOR A FAIR AND SENSIBLE IMMIGRATION POLICY IN THE POST 9/11 WORLD"

Sanford J. Ungar

President, Goucher College

*

Thursday, December 20th

"OUR CROWDED FUTURE"

Dr. Stan Becker

Professor of Population Studies
at the Johns Hopkins University
School of Public Health

CUBA AFTER CASTRO

By Sam Legg

Richard Erstad, Quaker International Affairs Representative, Latin America and the Caribbean International Programs, is even more impressive in person than in his official title. He showed this in a learned and unbiased analysis of the political and social situation today among our southern neighbors, with special attention, as we had requested, to Cuba.

Fidel Castro's Cuba has changed since his illness. The American embargo has remained and is a heavy burden. And the elimination of the Russian subsidies has increased the suffering. But the Cubans are not giving in. A famous Medical School serves all of Latin America. The local medical health programs are of high quality. A good (socialist) education system carries into college levels. Good research is done in Cuba. Many South American scientists were trained there. But there is not enough opportunity for many Cubans to use their training.

Well-educated men drive cabs. And many young men are yearning to settle in the US. (There seems to be about as much love as hate for the US in Cuba).

Raul is holding his ground but becoming shaky. He sees the problems but hasn't the strength to deal adequately with them. The sugar industry has almost disappeared, victim of bio-fuels. 80% of the return from tourism is spent on caring and providing for them.

With all these troubles at home, Cuba has right now 100,000 relief personnel in many countries, mainly Africa. High marks!

Residents are agreed that Dick Erstad, with his impartiality, his immense knowledge and his sympathetic understanding of human needs, should be asked to return to Broadmead. He has been, and he says yes.

HELP WANTED

URGENT !!

NEEDED: A FEW GOOD SOULS TO TAKE OVER THE SATURDAY EVENING GENERAL PROGRAMS, WHICH ARE SCHEDULED TO GO OUT OF BUSINESS FEBRUARY 1, 2008.

FULL BACKGROUND AND SUPPORT MATERIAL PROVIDED. PLEASE REPLY ASAP FOR PARTICULARS, AND...

MY BLESSINGS!!

Margaret Proctor

410 785-1180

BARN SALE EARNINGS

From July 1st through November 21st

The Barn Sale earned \$24,570.

The sales tax has been taken from the total.

BILL REINKE RECEIVES LIFE-TIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

Bill Reinke, G-8, received the 2007 Lifetime Achievement Award from the International Health Section of the American Public Health Association at its November annual meeting in Washington D.C. Bill, who received a standing ovation in connection with the award, is a professor at the Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health, where he holds joint appointments in Health Policy and Management and Biostatistics.

Cited among his contributions to International Health are seven books which he has written or edited, 32 journal articles and 23 other publications. He has worked on projects throughout the developing world, with a primary focus on India, Africa and Southeast Asia. In addition to teaching at Hopkins and mentoring post-graduate students, he has worked with the World Bank, the World Health Organization, the Asian Development Bank, USAID and many non-governmental organizations. With degrees from Kenyon College, the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, (MBA) and Case Western Reserve, (Ph.D.), Bill has been working in the field of International Health since his appointment to the Hopkins faculty in 1964. He has also served as Deputy Chairman of the Department and Associate Dean of the School.

ADVENTURES IN LEARNING

By Margaret Proctor

In the Auditorium at 10:30 a.m.

DR. TOM T. BARRY
Presents the last three Lectures
In this series of five
On Russian Treasures

Wednesday, December 5th
RUSSIAN ART IN THE
MIKHAILOVSKY PALACE

Wednesday, December 12th
THE RUSSIAN SUMMER PALACES

Wednesday, December 19th
PETER THE GREAT AND THE
FOUNDING OF ST. PETERSBURG

REV. DR. CHESTER WICKWIRE

By Malcolm Sherman

On November 11, 2007 The Baltimore City Historical Society conferred Living History Honors on: Camay Murphy, the daughter of jazz performer Cab Calloway and Director of the Eubie Blake National Jazz Institute; The Honorable William Donald Schaefer, Baltimore's legendary City Council President, Mayor and respected Governor and Comptroller of Maryland; and Rev. Dr. Chester Wickwire, an esteemed forty-year Chaplain of The Johns Hopkins University.

Friends and family of the honorees were gathered at the Frederick Douglass-Isaac Meyer Maritime Park in Fells Point, overlooking the waterfront.

The honor bestowed upon Dr. Wickwire was in recognition of his works and the gift of himself in starting the longest-running campus tutoring program in the United States, bringing Baltimore elementary school children and Hopkins students together for mutual tutorial achievement. He encouraged college students to live their personal ethic, as he did on many fronts by active participation in causes such as racial equality, peace initiatives and social justice. He played an historic role during a socially troubled time in Baltimore's history.

In my mind's eye I see him yet, only three years ago, at age 89, reading from *Long's Peak*, his book of poetry. He told those at the tutorial program, "After years as an activist, I turned to poetry in my eighties; I wanted to look back." Eleanor Wilner wrote of him, "...with a modest, wise, at times rueful and always affectionate eye ... at his own history, he wrote his poems. He recalls a boyhood growing up in rough Colorado boom towns, time spent in polio wards as a young man, and, later, travels to El Salvador, Guatemala, Israel and other countries as a social activist."

As the accolades continued, we all stood cheering "the man who in turn has been our guide, friend, provocateur, balm, bard and witness."

Mary Ann, his beloved wife of 72 years, and his son stood with us. Chester had dedicated *Long's Peak* to her "whose support and guidance helped me climb my mountain."

Once again the words of his friend Lia Purpura come to my mind: "His was a daring life. He worked for the voiceless and forgotten. His was a work of conscience and love and ferocity."

Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.
-THE TABLES TURNED
-William Wordsworth

MORE BOOKS NEW TO THE BROADMEAD LIBRARY

Call number locations for these books: Call numbers beginning A through P are in the First Floor Library (windowed area off the Main Lounge); call numbers from Q through Z are in an open area of the Lower Level, next to the stairs. However, books marked "Ref" (reference) and "Oversize" are in the Seminar Room on the Lower Level (room 060).

GENERAL

- Mawson, Christopher O. S. *Dictionary of foreign terms*. 1975. REF AD.M46
 Crystal, David (ed.). *The Penguin factfinder*. 2005. REF AG 106.P39
 Black, Henry C., & Garner, Bryan A. *Black's law dictionary*. 2004. REF AS.L3

PHILOSOPHY/PSYCHOLOGY/RELIGION

- Hancock, Jonathan. *Maximize your memory: techniques and exercises for remembering just about anything*. 2000. Oversize BF385.H23
 Rosenzweig, Efraim M. *We Jews: invitation to a dialogue*. 1977. BM561.R81
 Cahill, Thomas. *The gifts of the Jews: how a tribe of desert nomads changed the way everyone thinks and feels*. 1998. BM165.C13
 Miles, Jack. *God: a biography*. 1995. BS1192.6.M64

HISTORY

- Lacey, Robert. *Great tales from English history: the truth about King Arthur, Lady Godiva, Richard the Lionheart, and more*. 2004. DA130.L13
 Manchester, William R. *The last lion, Winston Spencer Churchill*. 1983. DA566.9.C56m
 Berendt, John. *The city of falling angels*. 2005. DG672.2.B48

SOCIAL SCIENCES

- Jonas, Susan, & Nissenson, Marilyn. *Cuff links*. 1991. GT2282.J76
 Bernstein, Amy D., & Bernstein, Peter W. (eds.). *The New York Times practical guide to practically everything: the essential companion for everyday life*. 2006. REF HG2037.N53

Friedman, Thomas L. *The world is flat: a brief history of the twenty-first century*. 2005. HM846.F89

FINE ARTS

Soltes, Ori Z. *Our sacred signs: how Jewish, Christian, and Muslim art draw from the same source*. 2005. N72.R4s

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

- Greene, Graham. *Reflections*. 1990. PR.G 79r
 Sutherland, James R. *Literary anecdotes*. 1975. PR108.O98
 Bierce, Ambrose. *The enlarged Devil's dictionary: with 851 newly discovered words and definitions added to the previous thousand word collection*. 1967. PS.B58d
 James, Henry. *Italian hours*. 1909/1968. PS.j27i
 Updike, John. *More matter: essays and criticism*. 1999. PS.U66m

BABY BLANKET

By Lucille Brandt

The wool I hold is just a ball
 But soon it will be a blanket small,
 As I crochet, day after day.
 It isn't work, it's more like play.

I know not who the babe will be.
 Is it a him or is it a she?
 But whether it be a girl or boy,
 I'm sure that it will bring much joy.

I hope it leads a happy life,
 Free from evil, free from strife.
 And as I put in every stitch,
 I feel it does my life enrich.

P.S. These blankets, 18" square,
 are sent to a local hospital,
 where they are used for prema-
 ture babies.

MUSIC EVENTS

By Phil Schnering

Sunday

December 2nd at 2:00 p.m.

CANTICLE SINGERS

21 Young ladies

Singers with a Christmas program.

Always very delightful

*

Thursday

December 6th at 7:00 p.m.

LET'S SING

With Herb Merrick at the piano

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Both traditional and more recent

Rudolf will be there

(NOTE THIS IS THE FIRST THURSDAY)

*

Sunday

December 9th at 7:00 p.m.

BROWN MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN

CHURCH, CHILDRENS GROUP

Singing traditional Christmas Carols.

May even be some "sing-along"

For the Audience-music furnished

*

Saturday

December 15th at 7:00 p.m.

PIATIGORSKY FOUNDATION ARTIST

VIOLIN AND PIANO

A change of time and day

to accommodate their schedule

(They always send top international artists.)

OPERA

By Harry Blumenthal

TV Opera

Friday, December 14th 7 p.m.

Fireplace Room

"WILLIAM TELL"

by Gioacchino Rossini

Acts 3 and 4

Rossini's opulent rarely performed

last opera, perhaps his greatest

Opera Teatro alla Scala, Milano

(120 minutes)

Video Opera

Friday, December, 7pm

in the Auditorium

BALLET

"LA BAYADERE"

(THE TEMPLE DANCER)

Music by

L. Mincus

KIROV BALLET

1991 film, live at the Kirov Theatre

St. Petersburg, Russia

(120 minutes)

**Do not feel totally
personally
irrevocably
responsible for everything.
That's MY job.**

**Love,
God**

Typed on a postcard of a mute swan found by Virginia Magladery in a Broadmead library book in Nov. 1989.

WEDNESDAY WORSHIP AT BROADMEAD

1st Wednesday every month at 10:30 a.m.
EPISCOPAL COMMUNION
 Taylor East Lounge - 3rd floor
 Sponsored by Sherwood Episcopal Church
 York Road, Cockeysville

2nd Wednesday every month at 10:00 a.m.
CATHOLIC MASS
 Taylor East Lounge - 3rd floor
 Sponsored by the Catholic Community of
 St. Francis Xavier, Cuba Road Hunt Valley

3rd Wednesday every month at 10:30 a.m.
PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION
 Stony Run Activities Room - 3rd floor
 Sponsored by Ashland Presbyterian Church
 Ashland Road, Cockeysville

FRIENDS MEETING FOR WORSHIP

Sundays at 11:00 a.m.
Stony Run Board Room

VESPERS

By Pat Underwood

Sunday in the Lounge
December 16th at 2:00 p.m.

The Reverend Francie Dayley
Christmas Music
by the Choir of the
United Methodist Church
Timonium, Maryland

BIBLE STUDY

THE REVEREND PATRICIA DROST
 Immanuel Episcopal
 Thursday, December 13th at 10 a.m.
 In the Fireplace Room

A TOO DIFFICULT PEACE?

By Carolyn Underwood

I wonder, is peace so difficult to learn?
 This country was founded by a war.
 Our national anthem lionizes war.
 Violence: this nation's middle name?

Most of *my* life I've lived in a nation at war.
 Boys become men while fighting wars,
 if they survive.

Peace
 not to be found by killing.
 It only sparks desire for revenge.
 Peace:

"An outward and visible sign
 of an inward and spiritual grace."

We project on the world
 what dwells in our hearts.
 If inwardly there is no peace
 how can we foster it in the world?
 What if we were to say to the world:

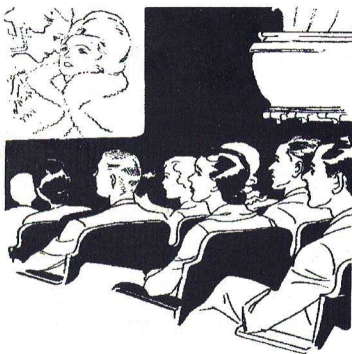
"We will stop hogging oil,
 grow some of our own food in our gardens,
 stop shipping it 3,000 miles
 for strawberries in December.

We will use our soil and oil well,
 thus share what we grow with you.
 We will learn to be a kindly brother
 instead of a cruelly proud one.

We will learn to share
 some of the burden you bear
 and start to stop polluting the air.

Share ways to purify water,
 so desperately needed the world over.
 Not grab for ourselves all that we can.

Peace has to become a way of living.
 Peace is a way to learn about giving
 from the heart.



BROADMEAD MOVIES

Tuesday Movies by
Evie Dempsey &
Harriet Duncan

Saturday Movies by
Linda King &
Betty Douglas

December 11

A LITTLE ROMANCE

1979

110 minutes

PG

Diane Lane stars as Lauren, a young American girl whose love of books finds a soul mate in Daniel (Thelonious Bernard), and romance blossoms. When Daniel slugs the egomaniacal director boy friend of Lauren's self-absorbed actress mother (Sally Kellerman), the two are forbidden to date. But with the help of an aging pickpocket (engagingly played by Laurence Oliver), the two young lovers run off to Venice and spark an international chase.

December 18

LITTLE VOICE

1998 UK

96 minutes

R

Telephone repairman Ewan McGregor and music promoter Michael Caine play second fiddle to Little Voice (Jane Horrocks), a young woman whose beautiful pipes could pack a thousand cabarets. Trouble is she can only sing along to records in her room. This British charmer was a sleeper-hit among the indie set, thanks to its winning mix of romance, hope and humor.

December 22

CHICAGO

2002

113 minutes

PG 13

At a time when crimes of passion result in celebrity, Velma Kelly (Catherine Zeta-Jones) and spot light seeking Roxie Hart (Renee Zellweger) end up on Murderess Row! Both are represented by Chicago's slickest lawyer (Richard Geer). Everyone sings and dances up the ladder of success.

December 29

AMERICAN PASTIME

2007

107 minutes

NR

Confined with his family at Topaz, a Japanese interment camp in Utah, Lyle Noruma mourns the baseball scholarship he will never have. At the same time, one of the U.S. Army guard is bitter because he never made it to the minors. Tensions increase when the guard's daughter and Lyle are at-

tracted to one another. But Lyle's father helps to ease the situation with a baseball game. This isn't a rosy picture of the government's abuse of the Bill of Rights, but the story does show how people deal differently with life's unfairness.

Note:

"Sweet Land", originally scheduled for Tuesday, December 4th and "Pale Male", originally scheduled for Saturday, December 15th, have both been withdrawn because of conflicts with specially scheduled programs, a Chanukah program on December 4th (see page 2) and a musical program on December 15th (see page 11). It's hoped that these films will be re scheduled for January

SATURDAY PROGRAMS

By Margaret Proctor

In the auditorium at 7:00 p.m.

December 1st

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:

**Planting
To Attract Them**

Robert Mardiney

Irvine Nature Center

*

December, 8th

HI-LITES ON 2 BALTIMORE LANDMARKS:

**The Carroll Museums
The Phoenix Shot Tower**

Paula Hankins

Executive Director

*

ANONYMOUS SUBMISSION

How do I know my youth is all spent?
Well, my get up and go has got up and went.
But in spite of it all I am able to grin
When I think of where my get up and go has
been.

Old age is golden so I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder as I get into bed,
My ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
My eyes on the table until I wake up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes I say to myself,
"Is there anything else I should lay on the
shelf?"

But I am happy to say, as I close my door,
My friends are the same, only perhaps even
more.

When I was young my slippers were red.
I could kick up my heels right over my head.
When I was older my slippers were blue,
But I still danced the whole night through.

Now I'm old, my slippers are black.
I walk to the corner and puff my way back;
The reason I know now: my youth is all
spent;
My get up and go has got up and went.

But I really don't mind when I think with a
grin
Of all the grand places my get up has been.
Since I have retired from life's competition
I busy myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning, dust off my wits,
Pick up my paper and read the "obits".
If my name is missing I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

17th CENTURY (CITY 1675) PRAYER

LORD Thou knowest better than I
know myself that I am growing
older and will some day be old. Keep me from the
fatal habit of thinking I must say something
on every subject and on every occasion. Release
me from craving to straighten out everybody's
affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody;
helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of
wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou
knowest Lord that I want a few friends at the end.

Keep my mind free from the recital of endless
details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal
my lips on my aches and pains. They are increas-
ing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming
sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace
enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help
me to endure them with patience.

I dare not ask for improved memory, but for
a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness
when my memory seems to clash with the mem-
ories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that
occasionally I may be mistaken.

Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be
a Saint - some of them are so hard to live with -
but a sour old person is one of the crowning works
of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things
in unexpected places, and talents in unexpected
people. And, give me, O Lord, the grace to tell
them so.

AMEN

HITHER, THITHER AND YAWN

--with Foxy Georgia

Holy field mouse.. The frost is barely on the pumpkin and here is Christmas popping out all over.. Have you seen the goodies at the Country Store? Charlotte Hurt, Weezie Davis (didja catch her endless tresses at the dinner dress up?) and that super vol, Dottie Pearre.. (get yo self onto temptation alley) they have made it look like Santa's workshop.. all ready for you to shop in comfort. . . . Soon after this gets into your paws.. the halls will be decked with you what and good spirits will abound!! didja join in putting down the ghostly spirits at the Halloween party ..and , whatta blast! ! ! ..5 judges, didn't recognize them all but did spy Joyce Griffith, and was that Tom Barnes? Qien sabe !! anyway. Who-some-ever, they had their work cut out for them.. ... Heather Heiler looked groovy, and Doug Bareis and Linda Chick brought down the house with their Bonnie and Clyde combo.. spectacular !! long cigarette holder and all... Walt and Barbara Hudson did a gay 90s duo, complete with straw boater and red and white stripe blazer Kathaleen Kennedy was jitterbug with her walker.. thas' a new step in the right direction.. And the twinnies Betsey Griffin and Fran Peterson did it again proclaiming themselves as 2 old bats. . . Louise Williams was right out of Jane Austen... was it Emma? Jackie Stansfield, where did you get that terrible green nose? Speaking of green, not matter how green it looked, the moldy green bread at the festive Halloween Dinner tasted A#0.. yum, yum.. Question: Is Sally Bloomer on the Wegman payroll?. . . ? the Sheik of Araby, the sheik of Cluster L, Bob Davies, had Ginny Cooke's jaws dropping down to ! there.. .and Ginny Cooley was unrecognizable as some body else.. ..could she be the head honcho of the other book club?great galloping ghosts!! we hardly knew ya Suie McShane! ! . . .

Whoever was responsible for the Halloween dining room decorations and the loathsomely named but good food, deserves mountains of praise.. ie..the bleeding gums soup (tomato gumbo soup).. dried bats wings (bbq chicken wings).. .and as special treat, the servers all looked terrific! !

Sad to relate, no play readers production. this month. Ifya don't volunteer, it plain just don happen!! Remember, they toldja so !!

Flo Dunlop (another bird watcher) says she

spotted a Early Morning Grouch and heard a the call of the Midnight Bed Thrasher. Can you believe that? Guess that Game Winning Oriole went south.. Hope we can spot him next year. . .

Its flu shot time again and Bette Pausé was registrar and kept the line going.. Mary Waterbury, Mal Sherman and Lee Ault were amongst the early birds, and they rewarded themselves with a mini Reese bar. . . .

The east hall art gallery features some of Ann Allen's dreamy collages.. .and the spirited animal pastels by our friendly editor Fran Beasley.. Quite an~ interesting contrast in style.. .and speaking of style, Dr Tom Berry toured us through in great style the Treasures of the Tsars for Dottie Krug's Adventure in Learning committee... These guys knew how to live.. Too bad they are not available to help with the interior decorating committee Marie Ewing is on

This will be a shortie as we all take time out for the gigantic Barn Sale.. ...and we all will be up to our eyebrows helping and buying and selling.. Janet Greenwald has hailed in vols from under the haystacks. . . . then Thanksgiving. . . all this gets covered in another edition.. maybe.. .Old Foxy may toss in the towel.. ..so watch this space for further developments. .if it matters. . . so have plenty of turkey and sauerkraut .. only in Balto, honnuff said! !

THE LADIES FOUR

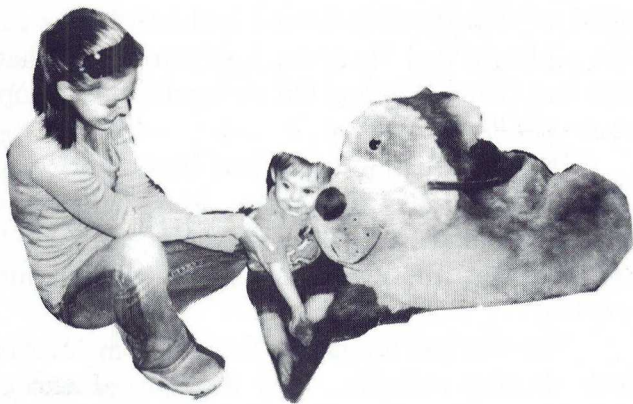
(Harri et, Jennifer, Susan, Marty)

By Lucille Brandt

I know a group of women three,
Who major in Activity.
They're bright and strong and very hearty.
Soon Marty comes to join the party

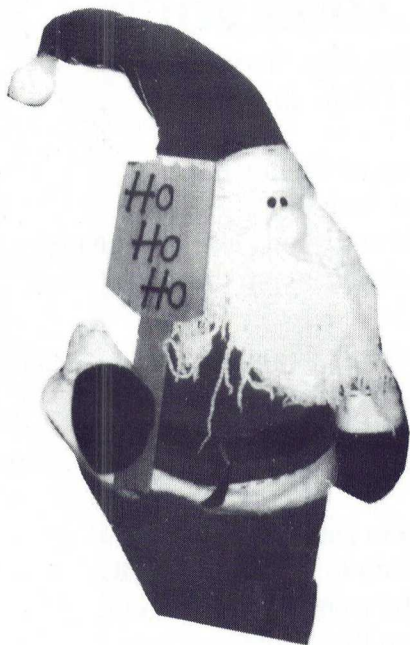
Thus now they are a group of four
Who plan the fun and games galore.
Their heads are always in a tizzy,
Trying to keep the residents busy.

In Taylor and in Hallowell,
The people learn to know them well.
They thank the wondrous ladies four,
Without whom life would be a bore.



**ESPECIALLY
FOR
YOU!**

**The Country Store
Will be open on
Sunday, December 16th
from 11:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.**



Broadmead

13801 York Road
Cockeysville, Maryland 21030

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Cockeysville, MD
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